

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

NO. 35

JAN.



The SHIELD

PEEP COMICS

10¢



MLJ

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 14

DUSTY and I have just been deeply honored. We've been visited by a very important personage indeed—none other than the No. 1 man of Riverdale himself, Mr. Archie Andrews.

We should have guessed he was coming when we heard the chugging and thumping outside in the street, but we thought there'd been an accident or something. It was only later, when Archie himself walked in the door, that we realized that what we had heard was Archie's car crawling down the street.

Archie had big news for us, and he asked me to pass it along to you fellows and girls . . . so here goes. Sergeant Boyle and several others have told you about the new ARCHIE COMICS, remember? Well, by the time you read this, this great new comic book, featuring Archie himself in half a dozen laugh adventures, along with CUBBY, THE BEAR; JUDGE OWL; SQUOIMY THE WOIM; and BUMBIE, THE BEE-TECTIVE, will be on your favorite newsstand within a day or two, if they're not there already. I know that you're looking forward to reading it just as much as Dusty and I. This guy Archie and the new features are really *funny*!

And now I'd like to say a few words about Charles Whitmire, General Delivery, Irving, Texas. Charles has written me a really interesting letter, and I know you members of the Shield G-Man Club would like to hear about him. Charles has one ambition in life: to be a flyer. As Charles puts it: "Although my father was an Army man, he spent his military period on the ground . . . and I guess, therefore, that I take more after my uncle. He's a member of the Eagle Squadron in England. I don't think that there's anything more pleasant in life than the good, clean smell of the sky."

Charles goes on to tell that he's spent several hours in the air already, that he feels more at home in a plane than he does on the ground, and that he's going to enter the Army Air Corps as soon as he reaches the acceptable age.

Well, all I can say is that you're a pretty unusual fellow, Charles. I remember that Dusty looked green as grass the first time he went up in a plane, and I recall I didn't feel too happy myself. Anyhow, lots of luck . . . and say, Charles, have you joined HANGMAN COMICS' Junior Flying Corps? It's a club created for fellows like you—active, brave, *fighting* Americans.

Keep 'em flying!

Outstanding members this month:

Jeanette Reich
131-15 Liberty Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Sydney Reich
131-15 Liberty Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Anthony Rotella
312 Monroe Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Jack Bowles
Piney View, W. Va.

Robert Gibbs
Broadbent, Oregon

Helen Kovetz
1933 Park Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

CUT ON THIS LINE

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AGE.....

**EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE**

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY THE BOY



THE CORPSE GOT UP AND
AND WALKED AWAY! BUT
THE SHIELD AND HIS DYNAMIC
SIDEKICK, DUSTY HAD THEIR
WALKING SHOES ON TOO, SO
THEY FOLLOWED THE CORPSE
SMACK INTO THEIR SCREW-
IEST ADVENTURE: "THE TRAIL
OF THE WALKING CORPSE!"

By IRVING NOVELL

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WITNESS THE PREVIEW
OF A NEW MOTION PICTURE IN THE GIGANTIC
PALATIAL PALACE GRAHAM MUSIC HALL...

SUDDENLY, PANDEMONIUM REIGNS AS FIRE,
MOST DREADED FOE OF THE THEATRE,
BREAKS OUT...

SCREAMING HEADLINES
ANNOUNCE THE NEWS OF THE
CATASTROPHE.

WUXTRY!
READ ALL
ABOUT
IT!

LET'S
HAVE A
PAPER-
SONNY!

THE CLARION
183 PERISH IN MOVIE FIRE!
HINT BLAZE WAS STARTED
TO COLLECT INSURANCE

AT THAT MO-
MENT IN A BAR,
DOWN THE STREET
NOT FAR FROM WHERE
JOE HIGGINS AND
DUSTY ARE STANDING...

IT TOOK
YUH LONG ENOUGH
TO GET HERE! DID
YUH BRING THE
DOUGH?

NOW IS THAT NICE, MAXIE?
HERE, WE DO YUH A FAVOR
AND YUH DON'T EVEN
OFFER US A DRINK!

HUH? OH-YEH,
SIT DOWN AND
HAVE SOMETHING!

THAT'S BETTER!
HERE, LEFTY, PUT SOME
COINS IN THE JUKE BOX!
IT'S TOO QUIET AROUND
THIS DUMP!



SIT DOWN NEXT TO
MAXIE-THAT'S RIGHT
LEFTY-NOW, WHAT
WAS IT YOU WANTED?

YOU
KNOW
WHAT I
WANT! AND
I WANT IT
RIGHT
NOW!

HE WANTS IT
NOW LEFTY-
SO GIVE
IT TO
HIM!

YEH-
OKAY,
SPIDER!



HERE
IT IS,
MAXIE!

OUR PAL'S A
LITTLE UNDER
THE WEATHER- SO
WE'RE GONNA LET
HIM SLEEP IT
OFF!

OH NO YOU AIN'T!
I DON'T WANT ANY
DRUNKEN BUMS
AROUND- GET HIM
OUTTA HERE!



COME ON- WAKE UP, YOU!-
HEY THIS BIRD AIN'T SLEEPIN'
HE'S DEAD!

HEY YOU GUYS-
COME BACK
HERE!



THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO! DUSTY-YOU HOP INTO THAT BAR AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT WHILE I TRAIL THOSE MEN!

STOP!
YOU DIRTY
KILLERS!

WHAT'S
GOIN
ON!

THE
KILLERS
MAKE FOR A
CAR WAITING AT
THE CURB...

WHICH SPEEDS
AWAY, BUT NOT
BEFORE PICKING
UP AN UNEXPECTED
PASSENGER, IN
THE PERSON OF
THE **SHIELD!**

MEANWHILE, DUSTY
INVESTIGATES THE CAUSE
OF THE DISTURBANCE...



WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?



HOLY COW!
THIS GUY'S BEEN
MURDERED! I'M GOING
FOR THE POLICE!



OH NO YOU DON'T!
I DON'T WANT ANY
COPS SNOOPIN'
AROUND **HERE!**

LET GO MISTER-
OR YOU'LL BE
SORRY!

USING JIU-JITSU, DUSTY SENDS THE BARTENDER FLYING WITH A FLIP OF HIS WRIST

NOW TO FIND A POLICE-MAN!

SOMETIME LATER, BACK AT THE BAR.

COME WITH ME QUICKLY, OFFICER, THERE'S MURDER IN A BAR DOWN THE BLOCK!

MURDER, EH? FAITH LAD, AND WHERE'S THE BODY?

SURE NOW-AND IT COULDN'T WAIT TILL YOU GOT BACK, SO IT GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY!

IT'S RIGHT THERE IN THAT BOOTH!

THERE WAS BLOOD RIGHT OVER HERE, I TELL YA! SEE! IT'S JUST BEEN CLEANED AWAY!

WHADDAYA MEAN- JUST CLEANED! I CLEAN THIS PLACE ALL THE TIME! D'YA THINK I'M RUNNIN' A JOINT? -BESIDES, THERE HASN'T BEEN A CUSTOMER HERE FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR!

HE'S LYING, OFFICER! THERE WERE WITNESSES!

IF YUH THINK I'M LYIN'-WHY DON'T YUH SEARCH THE PLACE?

A SEARCH REVEALS NOTHING.

YOU DIDN'T EXACTLY GO OVER THIS PLACE WITH A "FINE TOOTHED COMB"—Y' KNOW!

OH/ SO YOU'RE A WISE GUY, EH? YOU BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME, THIS ISN'T A PINCH, MIND YOU, BUT THE SERGEANT WOULD LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR "DEAD BODY?"

LATER AT THE POLICE STATION

THE SERGEANT IS BUSY RIGHT NOW, SO YOU SIT THERE AND WAIT, WHILE I WATCH SOME OF THE BOYS PLAY PINOCCHLE!

AW RATS!

MEANWHILE

THE CAR'S SLOWING DOWN—THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!



WHY THAT'S CHARLES GRAHAM, THE THEATRE MAGNATE'S HOME!

THAT'S ODD! I WONDER WHAT THOSE THUGS WANT WITH HIM—I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



THOSE BIRDS MEAN BUSINESS!

MIND IF I CRASH THE PARTY?

HUH-!



--AND LIVEN THINGS
UP A BIT!

GOTTA BE
CAREFUL WITH
THAT, IT MIGHT GO
OFF! SEE! DIDN'T
I TELL YOU?

A HAND REACHES FOR THE
LIGHT SWITCH- PRESSES IT...

CLICK

...AND PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO UTTER
DARKNESS-ENABLING THE THUGS TO ESCAPE...

I CAN'T
SEE A THING

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON...

ARE YOU MEN
ALL RIGHT?

YES! ARE YOU THE
ONE WHOM MEN
CALL **THE SHIELD**?

THAT'S RIGHT
MR. GRAHAM!

WELL MAYBE
YOU CAN HELP US!
I'M RICHARD HALE,
MR. GRAHAM'S
SECRETARY!

SOMEONE IS TRYING TO RUIN ME BOTH SOCIALLY AND FINANCIALLY! FIRST IT WAS THREATENING LETTERS, THEN, VARIOUS BUSINESS VENTURES, WHICH SEEMED SURE-FIRE, FAILED!

THE FIRE IN MY THEATRE WAS THE CLIMAX. I WAS ACCUSED OF STARTING THE FIRE TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE. IT ISN'T TRUE! BELIEVE ME! THAT FIRE JUST ABOUT CLEANED ME OUT!

THAT IS HIS REWARD FOR BEING A PHILANTHROPHIST AND A CIVIC LEADER!

AND NOW-THIS LATEST OUTRAGE! AN ATTEMPT ON MR. GRAHAM'S LIFE!

I'LL HELP YOU TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY-HOWEVER I MUST LEAVE NOW, SO I SUGGEST THAT YOU BOTH CARRY ARMS, FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION!

I'D BETTER SEE HOW DUSTY MADE OUT!

MEANWHILE DUSTY'S NOT DOING SO WELL.

I BID FOUR HUNDRED!

HOW LONG DOES THIS GO ON!

I PASS!

WHY DIDN'T YOU PLAY TRUMP? HE SHOWED THREE DIAMONDS!

SURE NOW FLANNIGAN, AND WHO APPOINTED YOU AS KIBITZER!

I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN-TO GET AWAY!

BLAH! BLAH!

I MADE IT! THANK HEAVENS FOR PINOCHLE FIENDS! NOW TO GET BACK TO THAT BAR!

HY DUSTY! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

A GUY WAS MURDERED IN THAT BAR—WHEN I GOT BACK WITH A COP THE BODY WAS GONE! THE COP THOUGHT I WAS HAVING PIPE DREAMS AND HELD ME FOR QUESTIONING, BUT I GOT OUT!

I THINK WE'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH THE BARTENDER!

DON'T ASK, SHIELD!

WE'RE GONNA SEARCH THIS PLACE AGAIN AND THIS TIME—

YOU AGAIN! YOU'LL SEARCH NOTHIN'!

NOW LISTEN, SHORT STUPID AND REPULSIVE, SHUT YOUR TRAP OR YOU'LL BE SERVED UP AS HASH ON TOMORROW'S MENU!

OKAY-OKAY! I'LL SHOW YUH' AROUND!

WHAT DO YOU KEEP DOWN HERE IN THOSE BARRELS?

BEER / WHADDAYA THINK?

SINCE WHEN IS BEER RED!

JUST WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR!—IT'S MAXIE DIRELLO, I WONDER WHAT HE HAD TO DO WITH ALL THIS?



YOU MISERABLE
RAT! WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS?

NOTHIN' HONEST! I
WAS SCARED-I THOUGHT
THE COPS WOULD CLOSE
ME UP IF THEY FOUND A
STIFF HERE- SO I HID
THE BODY, THINKING TO
DUMP IT INTO THE RIVER
LATER!

I BELIEVE YOU! IT TOOK A
MORE CUNNING MIND THAN
YOURS TO PLAN THIS.
NEVERTHELESS YOU'VE OB-
STRUCTED JUSTICE BY-
HIDING THE EVIDENCE.-
I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO
THE POLICE!

LATER...

WHO WAS
THIS GUY
DIRELLO!

OH-
SOME
SHYSTER LAWYER
WHO HAD HIS FINGER
IN EVERY FILTHY DEAL!
WE'RE GOING TO HIS OF-
FICE, RIGHT NOW!

AT DIRELLO'S OFFICE...

WOW! THIS EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING-AND
MORE!

COME ON DUSTY WE'RE
GOING TO PAY MR.
CHARLES GRAHAM
A VISIT!

A WHILE LATER AT GRAHAM'S HOME...

I THINK I'VE
FOUND THE SOLUTION
TO YOUR PROBLEMS,
MR. GRAHAM!

JUST THEN FROM BEHIND
THE SHADES...

YEAH? MAYBE IN A
LITTLE WHILE, THIS'LL
PUT AN END TO
'EM!

HE WHO
HESITATES
IS LOST!
REMEMBER
THAT!

THAT'S A
GOOD
IDEA!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE WOULD HAVE
DONE WITHOUT
YOU, SHIELD!

I CAN JUST IMAGINE,
MR. HALE, ALIAS
RICHARD BLANE!

YES-I KNOW THAT
CHARLES GRAHAM SWIND-
LED YOUR FATHER OUT OF HIS
MONEY AND PROPERTY, THEN
FRAMED HIM AND SENT
HIM TO PRISON, ON A
PHONY THEFT
CHARGE, WHERE HE
DIED OF SHAME!

YOU
KNOW?

YOU GOT A JOB AS GRAHAM'S SEC-
RETARY. THEN YOU AND DIRELLO START-
ED A REIGN OF TERROR AGAINST GRAHAM,
RUINING HIS BUSINESS ENTERPRISES, THEN
BUYING THEM UP
FOR A BONG, WITH
DIRELLO HAND-
LING THE LEGAL
END-BUT
DIRELLO BALKED
WHEN YOU WANT-
ED TO MURDER
GRAHAM!—

WITH WHAT HE HAD
AGAINST YOU, HE TRIED
TO BLACKMAIL YOU—
SO YOU HAD YOUR
THUGS BUMP HIM
OFF!

SUCH
NICE PEOPLE!
ERR-R-R

YOU FIEND-PRETTENDING
YOU WERE MY FRIEND—
WHILE ALL THE WHILE YOU
WERE PLANNING TO KILL ME!
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
GET AWAY
WITH IT!

YOU DESERVED
TO DIE FOR YOUR
**TREACHERY AND
HYPOCRISY!**— AS
YOU WILL NOW!

STOP!
YOU
FOOLS!

THEY'RE BOTH
DEAD-VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN
SCHEMING. HALE WOULD HAVE
WON HIS RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE
THROUGH THE LAW COURTS, INSTEAD
CRAZED WITH A DESIRE FOR
REVENGE—HE CHOSE THE
PATH OF CRIME
TO ATTAIN
HIS ENDS!

AND YOU
CAN'T WIN THAT
WAY, SHIELD!

THE HANGMAN

AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE SEEMING
OF A DEMON THAT IS DREAMING
AND THE LAMPLIGHT OER HIM
STREAMING
CASTS A SHADOW ON THE FLOOR
AND MY SOUL FROM OUT THAT
SHADOW THAT LIES FLOATING
ON THE FLOOR
SHALL BE LIFTED
"NEVERMORE"





Out OF THE WEIRD AND HAUNTING PAGES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE'S CLASSIC POEM, **THE RAVEN**, STEPPED A HUGE BIRD...A BIRD WHICH TALKED...AND **KILLED**. IT CAME OUT OF A BOOK.. AND BROUGHT DEATH ALONG WITH IT.

WAS IT A SUPERNATURAL MURDERER, OR A HUMAN BEING WHO, FOR SOME TWISTED REASON OF HIS OWN, CHOSE THIS STRANGE GUISE TO BRING DEATH TO THE NEW AND ULTRA-MODERN **CENTRAL HOSPITAL**?

But HUMAN OR SUPERNATURAL, **THE RAVEN** WAS UNLUCKY... FOR HE CHOSE THE **CENTRAL HOSPITAL** AS HIS SETTING OF MURDER... AND **THE HANGMAN** WAS THERE

!

OUR STORY OPENS AS BOB PICKERING AND THELMA GORDON WALK UP THE STAIRS OF THE NEW CENTRAL PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

WHEW! QUITE A PLACE EH, THEL?

AND HOW! ALL GLASS AND STAINLESS STEEL!

LATER...

VERY GLAD YOU CAME. I'M THADDEUS COLE, HEAD DOCTOR AT THE HOSPITAL. THIS GENTLEMAN IS MOREY MARTIN, MY ASSISTANT.

HOW DO YOU DO? I HOPE YOU CAN GIVE MISS GORDON A GOOD STORY!

I HOPE YOU GET A GOOD STORY, TOO! LIKE ALL NEW INSTITUTIONS, WE CAN USE PUBLICITY. SUPPOSING I SHOW YOU AROUND?

AH, HERE'S ONE OF OUR PATIENTS. HOW IS HE TODAY, NURSE?

HE'S MUCH QUIETER, DR. COLE. I THINK HE'S IMPROVING!

FUNNY ABOUT THAT PATIENT. NAME'S PAUL LERNER. HE WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL UNTIL HIS WIFE DIED OF AN INFECTION AT THIS HOSPITAL. THEN HE WENT BERSERK...

THAT'S TOO BAD!

SUDDENLY...

STOP THAT MAN!

I'LL KILL HIM! I'LL KILL HIM!

WHAT'S THIS?

THERE HE IS! THERE HE IS! THE DIRTY RAT! LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!!!

YOU FILTHY MURDERER! I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

BOB DICKERING
RUSHES FORWARD...

NO, YOU DON'T!

WHAM

MY SON, JIMMY FLEMING
DIED BECAUSE THAT
MONEY MAD RAT WOULDN'T
SEND AN AMBULANCE
TO HIS HOUSE! I'LL
GET HIM
YET!

THANKS, DICKERING. THAT
MAN MIGHT HAVE KILLED
ME. HMPH! WHAT WOULD
THIS HOSPITAL BE IF WE
ACCEPTED EVERY CHARITY
CASE WHO APPLIES FOR
ADMISSION?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
IT WOULD BE. IT'D BE
WHAT IT **SHOULD** BE..
A HAVEN FOR THE
SICK!

SHUT UP,
MARTIN!

I **WON'T**
THIS HOSPI
TAL ISN'T
WHAT IT SHOULD BE.. IT'S A
MONEY-GRUBBING INSTITUTION
FOR FAT WOMEN WHO IMAGINE
THEY'RE SICK.. AND YOU'VE
MADE IT THAT WAY!

SHUT UP!

YOU'VE MADE
YOUR LAST SPEECH
MARTIN. **GET OUT!**
YOU'RE
THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT!
BUT YOU
WON'T GET
AWAY WITH
YOUR TRICKS
FOREVER.
REMEMBER
THAT!

QUITE AN
OUTBURST,
DR COLE!

BAH! DON'T MIND HIM! HE'S
BEEN BOILING EVER SINCE
THE MEDICAL BOARD
REALIZED MY SUPERIOR
MERITS AND MADE ME
THE HEAD DOCTOR OVER
HIM... AND THIS TIME
HE JUST BOILED OVER!

SUDDENLY..

FATHER! I
MUST SPEAK
TO YOU!

WHAT? OH,
ELLEN!



THIS IS THE QUARTERS
OF ONE OF OUR DOCTORS.
WE TREAT OUR DOCTORS
WELL! NOTE THE AIRY
ROOM, THE AIR
CONDITIONING...

.. SYSTEM, THE SPACIOUS..
EH? WHAT'S THAT?
OH, THE INTER-OFFICE
SYSTEM...

YES! WHAT
IS IT?

DR. COLE...
YOU'RE WANTED
IN THE OPERATION
ROOM. EMERGENCY
CASE!

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL
HAVE TO EXCUSE ME
NOW. EMERGENCY
OPERATION, YOU
KNOW!

OF COURSE!
...I THINK
I'VE
ENOUGH
MATERIAL
FOR MY
STORY ANYHOW!

WELL, GOOD NIGHT!
I'LL LOOK FORWARD
TO SOME PUBLICITY FROM
YOU!

GOOD NIGHT,
DOCTOR.
LET'S
GO THE!

OUTSIDE...

THAT
ATMOSPHERE
IN THERE BOTHERS
ME! I THINK I'D BET-
TER CRUISE AROUND!
YOU WAIT OUT HERE!

AND INSIDE...

OH, WELL... TO WORK / HELP
ME WITH THESE GLOVES,
WILL YOU NURSE?

YES,
DOCTOR!

AND THEN...

EEEEEE

DRA! THESE CHARITY
OPERATIONS! BIG ORGANIZATIONS
SEND THE PATIENTS AND I CAN'T
AVOID TAKING THEM ONCE IN A
WHILE, BUT I WISH THEY'D
COME LESS OFTEN!

WHAT'S WRONG, NURSE?
WHAT...

GOOD HEAVENS!
IT... IT'S A HUGE BIRD!
A... A RAVEN!

AND THEN... THE
BIRD TALKS!

I'VE COME TO GET
YOU, COLE... COME
TO STOP YOUR
INCOMPETENT
BLUNDERING
ONCE AND
FOR ALL!

GET READY, TO
DIE COLE!

NO! NO!
PLEASE!

YOU'LL NEVER HURT
ANYONE AGAIN! HEH, HEH!
'QUOTH THE RAVEN, NEVER-
MORE!

THE RAVEN FORCES THE
ETHER TUBE OVER COLE'S
NOSE AND MOUTH...

THIS WILL
TAKE CARE
OF YOU!

SUDDENLY... THE HANGMAN BURSTS
INTO THE ROOM...

LUCKY I DECIDED TO
STICK AROUND!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S
COLE ON THE FLOOR.
MAYBE HE'S STILL
ALIVE!

MY WORK IS
DONE! I'D
BETTER GET
AWAY FROM
HERE!

COLE! COLE!...
IT'S NO USE! THAT
ETHER OVERDOSE
FINISHED HIM!

SUDDENLY AN INTERNE RUSHES IN.

I HEARD NOISES IN HERE,
AND... H-HEY, WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

DR. COLE HAS BEEN MURDERED!
LISTEN CAREFULLY NOW. I WANT
YOU TO GET HOLD OF THE
FOLLOWING PEOPLE, AND HAVE
THEM COME TO DR. COLE'S OFFICE.
ONE... DR. COLE'S DAUGHTER.
TWO...

AND AT PIERRE'S
APARTMENT...

WHAT! MURDERED!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

AND IN DR. MARTIN'S
OFFICE...

DEAD!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! I...
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE!

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, ALL THE
PEOPLE WHO HAD REASON TO
KILL DR. COLE FILE INTO THE ROOM...

PIERRE
WATKIN,
RIGHT!

I THINK YOU ALL KNOW WHY YOU'RE
HERE. DR. COLE WAS MURDERED
THIS AFTERNOON BY WHAT APPEARED
TO BE A HUGE, TALKING
BIRD!

THE "BIRD" WAS OBVIOUSLY A HUMAN BEING DRESSED IN A FANCY COSTUME. I INTEND TO LEARN THE REASON FOR THE COSTUME, AND THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON WHO WORE IT. I THINK IT WAS ONE OF YOU. WHEN I FIND OUT, BEWARE! THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE IS WAITING!



WELL, IT WASN'T ME, HANGMAN! I AM GLAD HE'S DEAD... BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!

AND I DIDN'T DO IT EITHER!



AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND...



AND NOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU DR. MARTIN! YOU'LL NEVER BRING ABOUT ANYONE'S DEATH AGAIN. HEH, HEH! "QUOTH THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE!"



FIERCELY, THE HUGE BIRD DRIVES THE KNIFE INTO DR. MARTIN'S CHEST..



THEN, AS THE OTHERS WATCH, FROZEN WITH HORROR, THE RAVEN SPEEDS AWAY



AND A MINUTE LATER...

WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?



THE RAVEN!
I'VE GOT TO
CATCH HIM!



HE'S NOT ANYWHERE
ALONG THE HALL!



I'D BETTER
TRY THE OTHER
CORRIDOR!



**THEN, JUST AS THE HANGMAN
REACHES THE OTHER CORRIDOR,**

GET INTO THAT
CHAIR! GET INTO
IT, YOU HEAR
ME?

WHY, THAT'S
PAUL LERNER,
THE PATIENT
WHOSE WIFE
DIED...

I CAME UPON
HIM TRYING
TO COMMIT
SUICIDE BY
LEAPING OUT OF
A WINDOW! HE'LL
QUIET DOWN
NOW.

HE ALWAYS
DOES AFTER
ONE OF HIS
ATTACKS!

MY WIFE!
MY DARLING
WIFE! SHE'S
DEAD! DEAD!

NURSE! I'VE GOT A
HUNCH! WILL YOU TELL
ME WHERE I CAN FIND
THE LOCKER ROOM?



**AND IN THE LOCKER ROOM,
THE HANGMAN HUNTS UNTIL
HE LOCATES PAUL LERNER'S
BELONGINGS...**

I'M IN LUCK!
HERE'S A
PACKAGE OF
LETTERS UNDER
HIS CLOTHING!



NOW TO SEE
IF MY HUNCH IS
CORRECT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!

September 2
My darling Paul:
The doctors are going
to operate on me
this morning.
Please pray that
I will soon be
cured and be
with you again.
Your loving wife,
Dorothy



SUDDENLY!

I'LL TAKE THAT
LETTER, HANGMAN!

**THE
RAVEN!**

YOU'RE JUST THE
BIRD I WANT TO SEE!



YOU WON'T SEE
SO WELL WITH
YOUR EYES
RIPPED OUT!

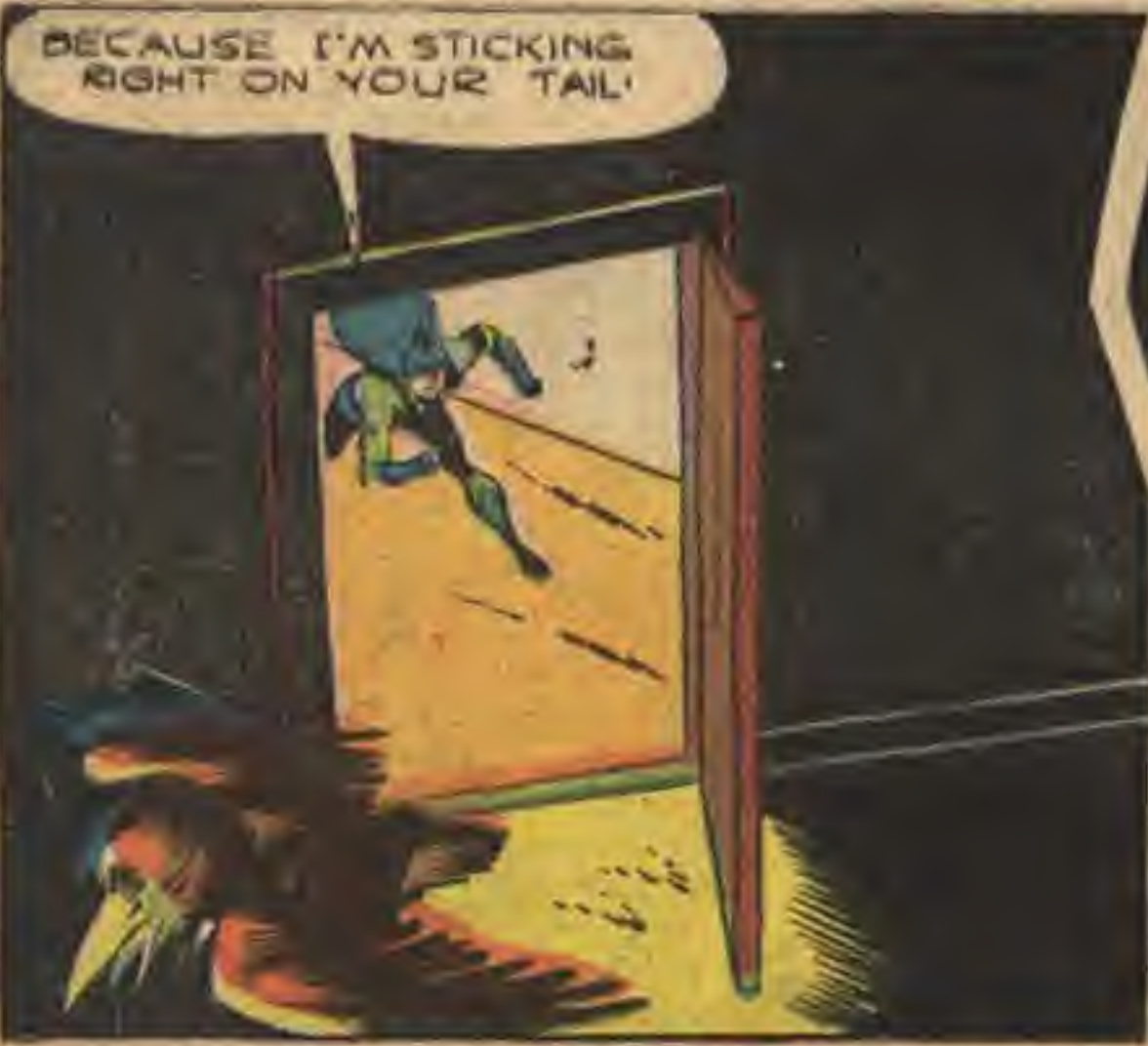
WHEW! MISSED ME
BY A EIGHTH OF AN
INCH!
**HEY! HE'S
RUNNING AWAY!**

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
DISAPPEAR **THIS** TIME,
RAVEN!...



BECAUSE I'M STICKING
RIGHT ON YOUR TAIL!

WELL, FOR THE
LOVE OF...
HE'S GONE!



SUDDENLY..

NO, I GUESS
HE'S STILL
AROUND!

YES, I'M STILL HERE,
HANGMAN! AND NOW I'M
GOING TO FINISH YOU!

YOU'LL NEVER STICK YOUR
NOSE INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S
BUSINESS AGAIN. "QUOTH
THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE"

NO, RAVEN!
YOU'RE WRONG!

THIS TIME
I'M SAYING
THE "NEVERMORE."

YOUR CAREER
OF MURDER
IS FINISHED!

AND NOW LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT
YOUR FACE...

I WAS RIGHT!
PAUL LERNER!

OHO! LOOKS LIKE THELMA GOT NERVOUS ABOUT MY SAFETY AGAIN!

HANGMAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

QUITE ALL RIGHT, OFFICER... AND I'VE GOT A MURDERER FOR YOU. HE KILLED DR. COLE AND DR. MARTIN!

SO HE'S A KILLER EH?... WHY THAT FUNNY COSTUME THAT RAVEN GET-UP?

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

I'LL LET LERNER TELL THE STORY HIMSELF. HOW ABOUT IT LERNER?

YES, I'LL TELL YOU... I'LL TELL YOU WHY I ADOPTED THE RAVEN COSTUME, AND KILLED THESE TWO RATS. THEY DESERVED TO DIE!

MY WIFE...MY BEAUTIFUL LENORE...WAS HERE FOR A MINOR OPERATION, AND BECAUSE OF THE INCOMPETENT BLUNDERING OF THE DOCTORS HERE SHE...SHE...DIED! I WAS MAD WITH GRIEF...

AND THEN I REMEMBERED POE'S FAMOUS POEM. *THE RAVEN*, IN WHICH HE, TOO, MOURNED HIS LOST LENORE. THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO ADOPT THE RAVEN COSTUME AND PAY THEM BACK...KILL EVERY ONE OF THE BUTCHERS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, LERNER. BUT WHEN YOUR MIND BECAME TWISTED WITH REVENGE AND YOU TOOK THE LAW IN YOUR OWN HANDS... YOU FASHIONED YOUR OWN FATE... THE FATE ALL MURDERERS INEVITABLY FACE:

THE GALLOWS...

the END

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS



MANY IS THE MAN WHO HAS CURSED AND RENOUNCED THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH, MOSTLY IN THE HEAT OF MOMENTARY ANGER; NOT ONE SO VEHEMENTLY, SO SCORNFULLY AND SO COMPLETELY, AS EDMUND CARTER, WHO WORSHIPPED BLINDLY AT THE NAZI SHRINE OF RUTHLESSNESS, HATE AND BARBARISM—THIS IS THE TALE OF ONE WHO HAD FORGOTTEN THE MEANING OF EVERYTHING DECENT IN LIFE—THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY!

BY IRVING—NOVICK—

IN A TAVERN IN BREST, AN IMPORTANT NAZI INVASION PORT IN OCCUPIED FRANCE, A GESTAPO AGENT SURVEYS A FRENCH PEASANT STANDING AT THE BAR.

SILENTLY AND UNSEEN HE PRESSES A LUGER PISTOL AGAINST THE PEASANT'S BACK - THEN WHISPERS COLDLY...

COME WITH ME - AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE! THIS ISN'T A WATER PISTOL! MAKE FOR THE DOOR AND KEEP MOVING. -CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

THE GESTAPO DOES NOT MAKE MISTAKES!

A WHILE LATER AT THE LOCAL GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS....

I'M TAKING THIS MISERABLE DOG TO MY ROOM FOR QUESTIONING -AND I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD? HEIL HITLER!

JA, HERR CAPTAIN! HEIL HITLER!

THERE IS NO SENSE IN PRETENDING ANY LONGER! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE

OKAY! I AM CAPTAIN COMMANDO! NOW WHAT?

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE! IT'S OBVIOUS - BREST HAS AN IMPORTANT SUBMARINE BASE AND INCENDIARY BOMB FACTORY YOU'D LIKE TO SEE DESTROYED - I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU!!

HA! HA! FUNNY! VERY FUNNY!

OF COURSE - HOW STUPID OF ME TO THINK YOU WOULD ACCEPT A CASUAL OFFER OF AID FROM A GESTAPO OFFICER. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH A DECENT MAN - ONE GROWS SO HARD AND CALLOUS UNDER THE NAZI SYSTEM!

I WONDER WHAT THIS BIRD IS DRIVING AT!

PERHAPS YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT THAT SO SIMPLE A PROCEDURE AS PULLING UP A WINDOW SHADE, COULD PLUNGE A MAN INTO A NIGHT-MARE EXISTENCE!

I SEE YOU LOOK PUZZLED / MAYBE YOU'LL REMEMBER ME NOW-MINUS THE PSUEDO-PRUSSIAN DISGUISE!

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE EDMUND CARTER THE FORMER BERLIN RADIO COMMENTATOR FOR THE U.S. BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

AMERICAN! HOW GOOD THAT SOUNDS NOW. HOW LATED IT WAS THEN! BUT I HAD LOST ALL SENSE OF REASON. WHEN I HAD BECOME INFECTED BY THE PAGAN DISEASE OF NAZISM!

YOU REMEMBER MY LAST BROADCAST! YES I THINK YOU DO REMEMBER! NO AMERICAN WILL EVER FORGET IT-TO MY EVER-LASTING SHAME!

DEMOCRACY IS A FALSE IDEAL BASED ON LIES, RACKETEERING AND DECADANCE! THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUE AND PURE IDEAL - NAZISM - MAY I NEVER HEAR THE WORDS, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS LONG AS I LIVE!

FOR THAT I WAS REWARDED WITH A POST WITH THE PROPAGANDA BUREAU AND A CAPTAINCY IN THE GESTAPO HERE AT BREST. HOWEVER MY WIFE WHOM I LOVED COULD NEVER RECONCILE HERSELF TO NAZIISM! ONE DAY I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM BERLIN---

Ed, I can't stand it any longer! The shame I am suffering because of what you have done, has been weighing heavily on my mind. I can't accept your way of thinking. I am an American. I loathe and despise everything Nazism stands for.

I ANSWERED HER IMMEDIATELY!

Dear Anne, For God's sake, stop writing such letters! They will only get you into trouble, and cause me to lose favor with the Nazi party. Henceforth, please refrain from mentioning anything which may be detrimental to either of us. I expect to be settled here by next week, at which time I will make arrangements for your coming. Please be patient. Edmund

BUT I WAS TOO LATE! THE LETTER CAME BACK!

Edmund Carter
Quai de la Fiere
Brest, France

To Mrs. (Mrs. Carter)
Karlshof Strasse
Berlin,
Germany

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

-SHOCKED AND FRANTIC WITH FEAR, I RUSHED FROM BUREAU TO BUREAU USING MY INFLUENCE TO DISCOVER MY WIFE'S WHEREABOUTS-

-FINALLY, AFTER WEEKS OF UNBENDURABLE AGONY I RECEIVED NEWS THAT STRUCK TERROR TO MY HEART- SHE WAS A PRISONER AT THE DREADED CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DACHAU!! I LEFT IMMEDIATELY TO SEE THE COMMANDANT!

YOUR WIFE IS GUILTY OF A SERIOUS CRIME AGAINST THE STATE! THIS TIME I CANNOT DIVULGE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING HER-

BUT I MUST SEE MY WIFE-SURELY YOUR POSITION IN THE GESTAPO CARRIES SOME WEIGHT!

YOU ARE RIGHT, KAPITAN! DER LEAST I CAN DO IS TO SHOW YOU DOT COURTESY! COME OVER HERE AND PULL UP THIS SHADE- YOU WILL SEE YOUR WIFE!

READY! AIM, FIRE!

MY GOD! IT'S ANNE!

-MY WHOLE WORLD TUMBLED AROUND MY HEAD AS I STOOD PARALYZED AT THE WINDOW GAZING AT HER BULLET RIDDLED BODY...

"YOU'RE A GOOD NAZI" SAID COL. REIMER, AS I STRODE DAZEDLY OUT. THEN I REALIZED HOW LOW I HAD SUNK IN HUMAN DEPRAY-ITY. I HAD BEEN A COLD, RUTHLESS MACHINE, DEVOID OF ALL SYMPATHY.

WHY DO I STAY HERE! THE NAZIS SUSPECT MY HATRED TOWARD THEM! AND SINCE I PUBLICLY DENOUNCED THE CAUSE OF THE UNITED STATES THEY NATURALLY MISTRUST ME! I AM BETWEEN TWO WORLDS! A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY! I WOULD HAVE ENDED MY MISERABLE EXISTENCE LONG AGO BUT I HOPED THAT I MIGHT REDEEM MYSELF IN SOME MEASURE- YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THAT HOPE!



MEANWHILE, RIGHT OUTSIDE OF THE GESTAPO-HEADQUARTERS-

I SAY! LADS, ISN'T THAT THE PLACE?

OUI! BUT HOW ABOUT ZE GUARD?

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM ALRIGHT - LET'S GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO!



IF YOU NAZIS HAD PLAYED GAMES WHEN YOU WERE KIDS YOU'D NEVER HAVE FALLEN FOR THIS ONE!

WHEE! THAT WAS A JUMP WITHOUT SKIS, TOO!



SAY BUD- COULD YOU PLEASE WHERE THE GOFELS WILL SERAFET ON THE RIL-A-RA TONIGHT?

VAS?

BY JOVE! THE BLOKE HAS GONE OUT LIKE A LIGHT.



ANOTHER RATZI/ LET'S GIVE 'IM THE BUM'S RUSH.



WE SHOULD SING HIM A LULL-ABYE! MAIS OUI!



WHAT IS IT, P. HERR KAPITAN!

I HAVE BROUGHT NEW ORDERS FOR YOU - ORDERLY GIVE THEM THE ORDERS!

WITH PLEASURE!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO IS JOINED BY THE FOUR FURIES...

UGH!

HIMMEL! I MUST INFORM BERLIN OF THESE GOINGS ON!

OH NO YOU DON'T!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE THE LAST ONE! IT WAS GETTING KIND OF TIRE - SOME DOING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER!

THE RADIO AND TELEPHONE APPARATUS IS SOON TURNED INTO SHAMBLES...

NOW WE MUST WORK FAST BEFORE THE DAMAGE IS DISCOVERED - RETURN TO YOUR COMMANDOS - WHEN YOU HEAR A PISTOL SHOT BEGIN THE ATTACK! EVERYTHING WILL BE READY!

YES - A PISTOL SHOT, THAT WILL END THE MURDEROUS CAREER OF COLONEL REIMER, WHO IS NOW IN COMMAND HERE - THE SAME COLONEL REIMER WHO SO WANTONLY HAD MY WIFE KILLED BEFORE MY VERY EYES!

A SHORT WHILE LATER - EDMUND CARTER ENTERS THE OFFICE OF COL. REIMER!

AH, CARTER! JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

REALLY? HOW CONVENIENT THEN!

YES, ISN'T IT - PUT UP YOUR HANDS KAPITAN CARTER! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST! VE SUSPECTED YOU OF ANTI-NAZI SYMPATHIES SINCE THE DEATH OF YOUR WIFE! HOW WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP TO DACHAU?

I'VE GOT TO SIGNAL THE COMMANDOS - IF I PRETEND TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE WINDOW HE'LL FIRE AT ME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY EVEN IF IT MEANS MY LIFE!

STOP! YOU FOOL - OR I'LL SHOOT!

AS CARTER FALLS, HIS HAND CLUTCHES AT THE WINDOW SHADE -

- THEN RELAXING IN DEATH CAUSING THE SHADE TO SPRING UP, REVEALING -

LIEBER, GOTT! COMMANDOS! HOW DID DEY GET HERE?

WITH THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CUT OFF THE NAZIS ARE TAKEN BY COMPLETE SURPRISE!

HIS OFFICE BUILDING ABLAZE FROM SHELL-FIRE, REIMER RUNS OUT RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF CAPTAIN COMMANDO-

CAPTAIN COMMANDO DASHES INTO THE SEETHING INFERNO-

THE FACT THAT REIMER CAME OUT OF THERE ALIVE MEANS ONLY ONE THING!

AND EMERGES MOMENTS LATER WITH A STILLED FORM IN HIS ARMS!

TWO SHOTS RING OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY- AND COLONEL REIMER FALLS, LIFELESS, TO THE GROUND!

THEIR MISSION SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, THE COMMANDOS RETURN TO THEIR BASE, PAUSING LONG ENOUGH TO BURY THEIR DEAD AT SEA!

JUST A MOMENT PLEASE, I WISH TO WRAP THIS FLAG AROUND THAT BODY!

SAY CAP. WHO IS THIS FELLOW?

HE IS A BRAVE MAN WHO GLADLY GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE CAUSE HE HAD FORSAKEN!

HE IS EDMUND CARTER - AMERICAN!

MORE THRILLS AND TALES OF COURAGEOUS DEEDS WILL EXCITE YOU WHEN CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS GO FORTH ONCE MORE TO BRING HOPE AND COURAGE TO THE OPPRESSED CAPTORS OF THE BLOODY NAZIS - NEXT MONTH IN PEP COMICS!

GET SOME CENTS.
BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE,
TO KICK THOSE DIRTY GENTS
WITH SOMETHING IMMENSE!

DON'T FORGET
THE STAMPS,
GET ENOUGH TO
GIVE THEM CRAMPS.
WAR BONDS AND
STAMPS,
WILL HELP MAKE
US CHAMPS!



YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

HONORABLE MENTION

PAUL KENNETH YANKOW, 1191 UNION ST. WARREN, OHIO, HAS PURCHASED A \$25 DEFENSE BOND.
MORRIS CUTLER, 1911-64TH ST. B'KLYN, WHO WROTE US BEFORE THAT HE BOUGHT A \$25 BOND HAS NOW BOUGHT A \$50 BOND.

BYRON BAHR, 1012 MAIN ST. PETERSBURGH, IND.
VINCENT BIANCA, JR., 1309 JACKSON ST. SCRANTON, PA.
DAVID BIGLOW, 120 2ND ST. PHILLIPSBURG, PA.
CATHERINE BYRNE, 850 UNION ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
SALL CAMERA, 213 FRANCISCO ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
ANNE CLARK, 240 HEWITT AVE. BUFFALO, N.Y.
JAMES COLLIER, 418 FRANKLIN ST. FORREST CITY, ARK.
ANNABELLE HOYCE CRANS, 309-29 ST. STOQUIAM, WASH.
WALTER JOHN DRAPALSKI, 514 EASTERN AVE. HERKIMER, N.Y.
GEORGE AND ARTHUR FALLATI, 450 MAIN ST. NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
GEORGE FISHER, 11 MANETTA PL. PITTSBURGH, PA.
RENEE FRANCES FRANCO, 1191 ZIMMER DR. ATLANTA, GEORGIA
RANFORD DOUGLAS GAMBRELL, ROUTE 4, GREENWOOD, S.C.
HENRY GAY, 1287 (N.E.) GABLE, DETROIT, MICH.
EDWARD GREIFF, 41-16-47TH AVE. SUNNYSIDE, QUEENS, N.Y.
HAROLD HARRIS, 239 PARKE ST. W. PITTSBURGH, PA.
ROBERT HINES, R.F.D. 7, INMAN, S.C.
GEORGE ALLEN HOWE, 55 SPRUCE ST. RUMFORD, MAINE
WILLIAM WALL HUTCHINGS, ROUTE 1, LANDERSVILLE, GA.
JOHN ROBERT JONES, 315 W. VINE ST. TAYLORVILLE, ILL.
MARVINE KOUN, 715 B'LINE AVE. UNION CITY, N.J.
GENEVIEVE JOYCE LAWRENCE, 221 14TH ST. 3RD. AVE. SPENCER, IOWA
RAYMOND LA MOYNE LOYD, BOX 225, DRISCOLL, TEXAS
BOB E.B. McKENSIE, 615 BURRELL ST. BRISTOL, VIRGINIA
MARTIN MEDNICK, 955 HOWARD AVE. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

RONALD BURNS CAVANOUGH, BOX 333, LESSVILLE, LOUISIANA
EDWARD MORGAN, 16 WEATHERSEE LANE, DEDHAM, MASS.
THEODORE MORRIS, 4920 CEDAR AVE. HAMMOND, INDIANA
GEORGE SHORT PERCIVAL, JR., 311 WEBSTER ST. PETERSBURGH, VA.
CLARENCE T. FICTON, JR., 559 S. CENTER ST. POTTSVILLE, PA.
TERMISS RAMOS, 34 WILLIAMS AVE. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
DONALD LEE REYNOLDS, 6 T. SMITH, R.D. 2, SMETHPORT, PA.
LEO ROGER RYAN, 3624 BERING ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HENRY SANTO, 401 E. 102 ST. APT. 1E, NEW YORK, N.Y.
PAUL SCHER, 2061 S. RAYMOND AVE. NEW YORK CITY
DESSA MAE SCHLUMBOHM, 1408 D ST. LAWTON, OKLAHOMA
JOHN LOUIS SCHLOZ, NO. 1555 ALOHA, DUBUQUE, IOWA
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MELVIN WIRICK, SOUTH YORK ST. ALBION, INDIANA
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JOHN T. WILSON JR., 1027 CECIL AVE. LOUISVILLE, KY.
CHARLES YOKES, 58 E. BOND ST. COBURN, PA.

JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA.... AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A \$50.00 BOND — BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON OR COPY IT ON A POST CARD, AND SEND IT ALONG TO US AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB.

NAME (PRINT PLAINLY) _____

ADDRESS _____ STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

DANNY

"RED" HOLMDALE

IN WONDERLAND

DANEEEEE, I'M
BLOWING
AWAY!

I--I HAVE ALL I
CAN DO TO STAY
ON THE GROUND
MYSELF, KUPPIE!

WONDERLAND HOLDS
MANY TERRORS--BUT NONE
GREATER THAN ITS STORMS!
FOR WHEN THE WIND HOWLS,
AND THE GALES RAGE, IT IS
AS THOUGH ALL THE SPIRITS,
ALL THE WITCHES, THE HOB-
GOBLINS AND EVERYTHING
EVIL HAS BEEN RELEASED
FROM OUT A GIGANTIC
PANDORA'S BOX! IN JUST
SUCH A STORM DO OUR
HEROES, DANNY AND KUP-
KAKE FIND THEMSELVES AS
THEY SCOUR WONDERLAND
FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES!

TH--THE WIND
IS DYING DOWN
A LITTLE, KUPPIE!
KEEP DOWN!

ARE--
ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

I COULDN'T---

STAY UP---

IF I
WANTED TO!

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER
NOW! HA, HA! YOU
SURE LOOKED
FUNNY!

WHEW!
WHAT A
WORKOUT!

THAT'S FUNNY! THE STORM PRACTICALLY BLEW EVERY TREE DOWN--EXCEPT THAT ONE!

HMM--MAYBE IT'S A MAGIC TREE!

NO, IT DOESN'T! THIS TREE LOOKS LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK! IT'S AN APPLE TREE-- AND, BOY AM I HUNGRY!

DON'T BE SILLY. IT LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER TREE!

I COULD STAND A FEW OF THOSE MYSELF! UP WE GO!

SAY! DO THESE APPLES TASTE SORTA FUNNY, KUPPIE, OR---

YEAH-- ONLY I'M TOO HUNGRY TO PAY ANY ATTENTION!

KUPPIE! AM I DREAMING OR ARE THESE APPLES GROWING BIGGER!

(GULP) WELL, IF YOU ARE DREAMING, I'M HAVING THE SAME NIGHTMARE!

DANNY! LOOK! TH--THE APPLES! TH--THEY'RE GETTIN' SO B--BIG I CAN'T HOLD EM!

JUMPING JELLYBEANS! IT ISN'T THE APPLES THAT ARE GROWING BIGGER! IT'S US GETTING SMALLER!

GOOD GOSH! NO WONDER WE'RE SHRINKING!--- BUT HOW DID THE SIGN GET HERE?--- I DIDN'T SEE IT BEFORE!

SHRINKING TREE

WHAT!

SHRINKING TREE







OKAY, YOUNG FELLER!!
GUESS THAT'S YOUR POP
COMING FOR YOU NOW!



HEY, THAT KING
BEE IS SHAKING US
OFF THIS WEB!



HAALLP!--
DANNY, I'M
FALLING!



WHEW! TALK ABOUT LUCKY BREAKS!
THIS FLOATING LEAF CAME ALONG
JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

WHEE!--THIS IS FUN, GLIDING
ALONG IN A LEAF THIS WAY,
KUPPIE!



WELL, YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH NOW!
WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND! HOLD
TIGHT, KUPPIE!



SAY, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING,
KUPPIE!

KISSING THE GROUND!
MMMM! (SMACK) BOY,
AM I GLAD TO SEE IT
AGAIN!



WELL, THERE'S
THE BOTTLE!



WELL, PUSH
A LITTLE
MORE!
WILL YOU?



HOW ABOUT YOU
PULLING A LITTLE
MORE? I'M DOING
MY BEST!

IT'S NO USE!
WE'RE JUST TOO
SMALL TO OPEN
IT!



GEE WHIZ---
GOLLY! WHAT'LL
WE DO NOW?

BUT JUST THEN---

KUPPIE! IT'S OUR FRIEND THE KING BEE AGAIN! I THINK HE'S TRYING TO TELL US HE WANTS TO HELP!

HUH! HOW CAN A BEE HELP US?

SUDDENLY THE KING BEE TURNS AND---



AND A FEW FEET AWAY ANTS GET THE CALL---

QUICKLY THE ANTS GET TO WORK---

AND SEIZE AN OLD CORK SCREW

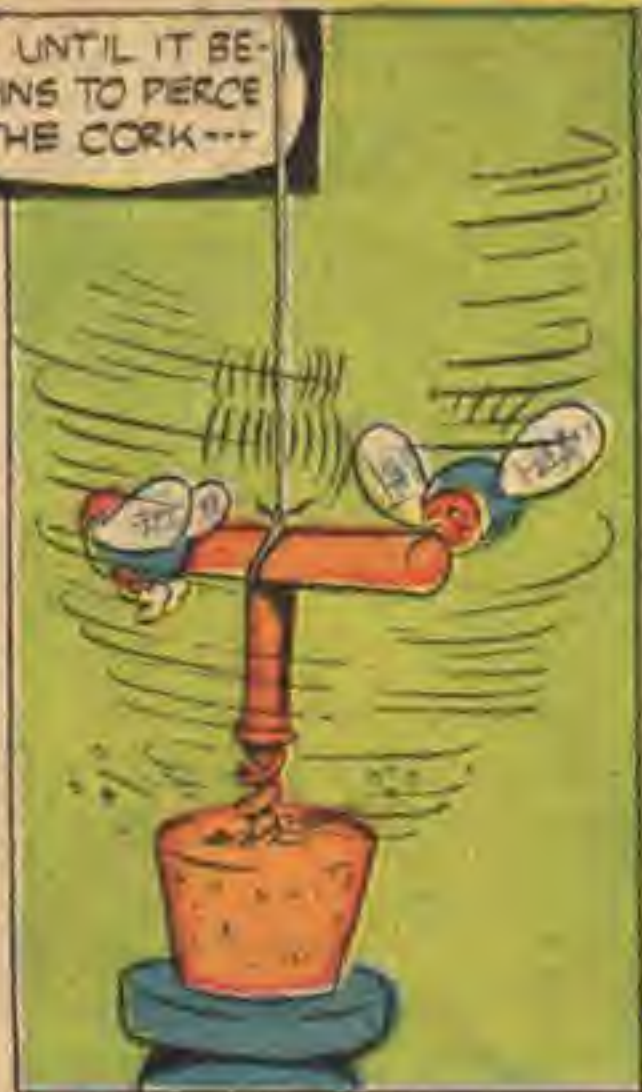


THEN, GETTING HOLD OF SOME THIN VINES---

THE INSECTS PROCEED TO BUILD AN INSTRUMENT---

WHICH HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD THE CORK!





DEATH OF A BALLET DANCER

A HANGMAN STORY

By FLYNN V. LIVINGSTON

THELMA GORDON was annoyed—very much so.

You didn't have to tell that to Bob Dickering. He knew she was annoyed by the set of her chin, by the steely glint in her eyes, and by the fact that she informed him of her annoyance approximately three hundred times during the evening.

The three hundred and first time was the one which broke the Dickering's back. Bob turned to her and said, "All right, Thelma, you feel you've been gypped—and it serves you right. I didn't want to come to this ballet performance in the first place . . . but you insisted . . ."

"Wait a minute, Bob," Thelma said. "Don't get me wrong. I enjoyed the performance tremendously. All I'm angry about is the fact that Ivan Terchov was supposed to appear tonight—and didn't. After all, they advertised his appearance . . ."

"I know, I know," said Bob. He sighed. "I understand. Ivan Terchov is the top man in the ballet dancing field, and you've always wanted to see him, and you can't understand why he didn't appear tonight . . . and you want me to find out why. Correct?"

"Absolutely," said Thelma. She smiled radiantly. "Just satisfy my curiosity, and I'll feel better. I told Bennett, Terchov's manager, that I was a reporter earlier in the evening when I inquired and he slammed the door in my face. But you told me yesterday that you've known Bennett for years, and I thought that maybe . . ."

Bob shrugged his shoulders, asked Thelma to wait right there at the rear of the theatre, and walked with long, swinging steps in the direction of Ivan Terchov's dressing room. And at

the door, abruptly, he stopped.

Edgar Bennett was leaning against the door, his face the color of paper.

Bob stepped forward quickly, and took hold of Bennett's shoulder. He shook it, and Bennett stared up at him with dazed eyes. "Ed," said Bob. "Ed—what's wrong?"

Bennett looked at him. "It—it's Terchov," he said, slowly. "He's dead . . ."

Bob let go of Bennett's shoulder, and turned the knob of the door. The door swung open and the two men entered.

Ivan Terchov lay on a couch. His features were waxy, his face twisted. He looked as if he had died in horrible pain. . . .

Three men stood around his bedside. Two of them were talking quietly—clean looking, competent men whom Bob guessed were doctors. And the third man was a surprise. . . .

He was an enormous Russian with powerful shoulders and hands, and he must have been almost seven feet tall. He was dressed in wide, sashed trousers with a silk shirt and he looked like something out of Asiatic Russia—deadly and mysterious. And this was incongruous, because he was crying.

Bob examined Terchov briefly and turned to the doctors. "How did he die?" he asked.

"Tetanus. Lockjaw, you know. We didn't catch it in time," one doctor answered.

"Lockjaw, eh?" Bob said. "How was he infected?"

"I'll tell you that," Bennett cut in. "Terchov danced for a living—and naturally, in a profession of that sort, he wanted to protect his feet. Therefore, for street purposes, he always wore old shoes—very old shoes

which he'd had for a long time and which kept his feet in perfect ease. One of these shoes had a nail which had worn through from the heel . . ."

"I see," said Bob. "Didn't Terchov put some antiseptic on the wound—iodine, mercurochrome, or something?"

"Kaliv did," Bennett said. He indicated the weeping Russian. "That's Kaliv over there. Been with Terchov for years—ever since Ivan left Russia in 1917. He put some iodine on the cut—but that was some time after Ivan got the cut, and apparently it was too late. That's the iodine right over there . . ."

The bottle of iodine lay on a table nearby. Casually Bob opened the bottle and smelled the brown liquid. Then he set the bottle down and thought for a moment . . .

"Ed," he said to Bennett, "tell me something. Did Terchov have any enemies?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Never mind that," Bob said. "Did he have any enemies?"

Bennett continued to stare. "Wait a minute," he said. "If you've got any ideas about this being other than a normal death by tetanus, let me set you straight. Two of the most competent doctors in this city have been on the case immediately from the first symptoms, and there's no doubt whatsoever that Ivan died of tetanus infection. He's been sick for three days, but up till the final delirium, he begged me not to let the newspapers know. He was a funny guy—hated people to know anything about his personal business . . ."

"I haven't said anything about the death not occurring

through tetanus. I asked—did he have any enemies?"

"None whatever," Bennett said. "I tell you Terchov was a funny guy. Introspective; solitary. Why, will you believe it—up till Ivan got sick and Kaliv came running for me, I'd never been in this room! All our business was conducted in my office. But here in his dressing room, and at his home—he received no visitors . . . just didn't like people. Kaliv was the only one with him all the time."

"I see," said Bob, slowly.

"I can't stress that too strongly. He was the most unfriendly man I've ever known. He had no enemies—and no friends. Nobody knew him well enough to want to kill him."

Again Bob thought for a moment, and then he walked toward the door. At the door he turned. "One more thing, Ed," he said. "Is Terchov interested in horses?"

Bennett looked surprised. "Why, yes!" he said. "How did you know? I've naturally never been to his house, but in one of his rare conversational moments, he told me that he keeps a small stable near his home. He's a great rider . . . comes from a family of Cossacks."

"And, naturally," Bob said, "he had no stableman?"

"No," Bennett said. "He had no other servants—just Kaliv."

Bob smiled grimly. Everything fitted in. He'd read often enough about Terchov's liking for privacy . . . from all the stories he'd read, Bennett's statement about never having been in Terchov's dressing room or home was certainly logical. And the horse angle tied in . . .

"You had all better be here at exactly this time tomorrow night," Bob said. "You're going to be visited by a friend of mine—The Hangman!"

It was only after Bob had gone that the others noticed

that the iodine bottle was gone.

Twenty-four hours later they were all there. And as they stood there, waiting tensely, The Hangman stepped through the door.

"I've come here," he said quietly, "to reveal the murderer of Ivan Terchov."

"Murderer!" Bennett burst out. "Hasn't Dickering told you the facts of this case? Terchov died of an accidental cause."

"You're wrong," said The Hangman. "Terchov was murdered—murdered with a cute trick which, even though the murderer doesn't think so, is as well-known to the police as more orthodox methods like stabbing or shooting."

The air was tense. "What do you mean?" Bennett croaked.

"Let me tell you how it was done," The Hangman said. "The murderer, by forcing a nail up into a shoe, caused Terchov to cut himself. Before doing this, he planted an antiseptic bottle filled with tetanus germs, so that when the victim used the iodine, he was inoculated as thoroughly as though the germs had been injected into his arm with a hypodermic needle!"

One of the doctors spoke up. "That's impossible," he said. "Tetanus germs would die instantly in an iodine solution."

The Hangman nodded. "True," he said, "but that bottle didn't contain iodine. Dickering gave me the bottle and I had analyzed it. The bottle contains argyrol, a solution very much like iodine but so much weaker that tetanus germs can live comfortably in it . . . and it also contains enough tetanus germs to kill an army."

"That—that's amazing," said the doctor. "But how on earth did the killer manage to get his hands on tetanus germs?"

"Very simple," said The Hangman. "Tetanus germs can

be found by the billions around stables. The killer simply took some ground at the stable, immersed it in water, and in that way he got the solution."

There was a strained silence. "And now," The Hangman said, "for the murderer. You all realize who it is, don't you? Who had access to Terchov's shoe, so that he could fix the nail? Who had access to Terchov's stable? And who made sure that Terchov would use the doctored iodine bottle? Kaliv . . . of course!"

Suddenly the big Russian leaped back. A knife was in his hand. "Stand still, everyone," he said.

"I've been quite correct, haven't I, Kaliv?" The Hangman said, calmly.

"Quite correct," said Kaliv. "I waited more than twenty years to pay Terchov back. My family were his servants back in Russia . . . and the filthy rat treated them horribly. One by one I saw them die of starvation—and I swore I'd pay him back. So I remained his servant. I knew I couldn't just murder him out in the open in Russia. Then, when he fled to America, I thought my chance was coming. But here, too, there was a law which dealt swiftly with murderers . . . the gallows!" He paused for breath. "So I waited. And then, finally, I hit upon this plan to take care of him. I thought no one would guess—but now that you have, Hangman . . . everyone in this room must die!"

Then The Hangman jumped! He got hold of the knife hand, and twisted. He ducked Kaliv's other massive fist, and the knife clattered to the floor.

Then, swiftly, The Hangman's hand found a nerve-center and pressed. Kaliv's eyes bulged and he fell to the floor.

The Hangman turned to Bennett. "Phone the police," he said.

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL

DID YOU HEAR, SARGE? THEY EXPECT THE HEINIES TO ATTACK US ON CHRISTMAS!

YEAH! GUESS I'LL HOP OUT OVER NO-MAN'S-LAND AND TAKE A SQUINT!

WELL, I HAVEN'T LEARNED ANYTHING BUT AT LEAST I BAGGED ONE NAZI!



OH OH! HE GOT MY MOTOR!

EVEN IF I MANAGE TO LAND THIS CRATE I'LL PROBABLY GET GRABBED BY A HEINIE PATROL!



WELL, IT COULDA BEEN WORSE IF WE CAN GET A REPAIR CREW OUT HERE SHE'LL SOON BE GOOD AS NEW!

WE HAVEN'T HAD A FULL SCALE ATTACK FROM THE SOUR - KRAUTS IN WEEKS! I WONDER HOW COME?

NONE OF THEIR SMALLER SKIRMISHES HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL EITHER'HMM!

I'D BETTER HUSTLE IF I WANT TO GET BACK TO WHAT'S THAT?

?





WELL, FAN MY BROW!
A GERMAN OFFICER!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!

ACH! I TOLD DEM
IT VAS NO USE, BUT
DEY YOULDN'T LISTEN!
VE CAN'T VIN WITH-
OUT DER FIELD
MARSHAL!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?
HURT BAD?

L-LISTEN TO ME, YOU
FOOLS! MARSHAL DOM-
MEL ISS A SICK MAN!
HE'S BEEN SENT BACK
TO GERMANY TO RE-
COVER! VHY DON'T
YOU BELIEVE
ME?



HOLY MACKEREL!
THIS GUY'S OUT
OF HIS HEAD!
WHAT'S THAT
ABOUT MARSHAL
DOMMEL?

I DON'T CARE
VOT THEY TOLD
YOU! I SAY
DOMMEL ISS
NO LONGER HERE!
HE... ACH! MY
HEAD!



I-I MUST HAFF BEEN
DELIRIOUS! AT LAST SOME-
BODY VILL LISTEN TO
ME! VOT I SAY ISS TRUE!
MARSHAL DOMMEL IS NO
MORE IN COMMAND! HE
IS A RELATIVE OF
MINE AND I KNOW!



THEY ARE KEEPING
IT A SECRET BECAUSE
OF DE MORALE!
NOBODY KNOWS
BUT ME! I-I-

AAAAGH!!

HEY!



HE'S DEAD, POOR DUCK!
WONDER IF THERE IS
ANYTHING TO HIS STORY?
HE WON'T MIND IF I
BORROW HIS UNIFORM!



IF IT IS TRUE,
THAT EXPLAINS
THE LONG LULL,
EXCEPT FOR LITTLE
SKIRMISHES LIKE
THIS LAST ONE!



MEANWHILE...

GOSH! I CAN'T FIND
BOYLE ANYWHERE! THE
HEINIES MUST HAVE
GOTTEN HIM!



A NAZI!



WELL, IF THEY GOT SARGE, I'LL AT LEAST GET THIS GUY!

BANG
BANG



?

BANG **ZING**



!@?#! IT'S TWERP!

HEY TWERP!

HEY! YOU DOPE! DON'T SHOOT! I'M BOYLE!



?

BOYLE?

SARGE!
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' EVERYWHERE!



SEE, YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T SHOOT YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE HEINIE UNIFORM?

WHAT A NICE, SAFE GUY YOU ARE TO HAVE AROUND! SOME DAY I'M GONNA SAVE SOME NAZI SOME TROUBLE, TWERP!



I JUST HEARD THAT DOMMEL ISN'T RUNNING THINGS ANY MORE! I'M GOIN' OVER TO THEIR LINES TO SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT SOME MORE!

DOMMEL!
NO KIDDIN'! I'LL COME WITH YOU!



IN AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM? DON'T BE A SAP! SO LONG, SEE YOU LATER!

AW PHOOEY!
I NEVER GET ANY EXCITEMENT!



A FEW FEET AWAY, IN A SHELL HOLE

VOT A SCRAP! I MUST HAFF BEEN UNCONSCIOUS !!! I VONDER...

G!?!* XX? BLANK

OW!



GOLLY!
WHERE'D THAT GUY COME FROM?



HEY, BOYLE!
WAIT UP! I GOT A UNIFORM TOO!

?

BOYLE AND TWERP ARRIVE IN THE NAZI-HELD TOWN...



HERE WE ARE, TWERP! LET'S TRY THAT BAR. MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP SOME INFO IN THERE!



KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN AND YOUR MOUTH SHUT... WE MAY FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR SUPPLY ROUTE! OUR PLANES HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SPOT IT ANYWHERE!



YEP! IT SURE IS STRANGE! THEY SAY! LOOK OUT! YOU... YOU...

HIC



OOPS! I SPILLED YOUR BEER! HIC! I'M SO SORRY! THERE ISH ANOTHER ONE! HIC!



THANK Y... WHAT IS THIS? GO ON, BEAT IT, WILL YOU? YOU'RE ATTRACTING ATTENTION!

GOOH! SPIES, ARE YOU?



YOU THINK YOU'RE SHPIES? HIC? PHOOEY! I'M THE ONLY GOOD SHPY AROUND HERE! HIC!

SHHH! QUIET, YOU DOPE!

HEY!



OH, YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW WHAT BAD... HIC... SHPIES YOU ARE! I'M NOT SURPRISED! WHY...

VOT'S ALL DIS?



MAKE THOSH SHPIES GO AWAY! THISH ISH MY TERRITORY! HIC! I WASH HERE FIRST!

SO!



UP MIT DER HANDS! UP MIT 'EM!





VERY SIMPLE! THE NEXT GUY IS THE FIELD MARSHAL AND THE THREE OF US SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HE'S BEEN SENT BACK TO GERMANY SICK! NOT EVEN HIS OFFICERS KNOW IT!



HOLY SMOKE! NEITHER DID I!

WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE! HMM! I'VE GOT IT! NOW LISTEN! WHEN THE GENERAL COMES BACK YOU TELL HIM...



SORRY I KEPT YOU WAITING! SAY WHERE IS YOUR FRIEND?

OH, HIM! HE'LL BE BACK SOON!



HE WENT OUT TO CATCH SOME MORE SPIES!

FINE! FINE! OH, EXCUSE IT! DER PHONE!



HELLO WHO? M-MARSHAL DOMMEL? WHERE ARE YOU? VE HAFF BEEN WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!



DUMMKOPF! DIDN'T YOU GET MY MESSAGE? I-VANT DER ATTACK TO START AT VUNCE! CAN'T I GET NODDINGS DONE RIGHT?



WHO ISS DOT YELLING IN DERE?

VE BETTER TAKE A LOOK!



VOT DID YOU SAY, MARSHAL?? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

I SAID, HOLD DER PHONE! I'M A LITTLE BUSY!



NOW GET BUSY UND GIFF DOSE ORDERS! I VANT DER ATTACK TO COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY!



IF YOU SEE THREE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS GIFF DEM ANYTHING DEY VANT! DEY ARE PERSONAL FRIENDS OFF MINE!

JA!
JA! JA!
JA!



HELLO! DER ORDERS ARE CHANGED! VE ATTACK RIGHT AVAY! UND SEND UP DINNER FOR THREE!



H'YA GENERAL! HERE ARE SOME MORE SPIES I FOUND!

HIMMEL! MY BEST GUARDS!



VE HAFENT TIME TO EAT! GIFF US A PLANE! VE GOT TO GET TO MARSHAL DOMMEL RIGHT AVAY!

VERY GOOT! FOLLOW ME! I GET YOU ONE!



AT THE LANDING FIELD...

C'MON, SARGE! HERE'S OUR PLANE!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT TUNNEL MUST BE THE WAY THEY TRANSPORT THEIR TROOPS AND MUNITIONS! NO WONDER OUR PLANES COULDN'T SPOT 'EM!



TELL OUR BOYS TO COUNTER ATTACK RIGHT AWAY! GET THERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

YOU GOT NOTHIN TO WORRY ABOUT! I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!



VOT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU LEFT!

DON'T WORRY! WE'RE GOING! C'MON, LET'S GRAB THIS TRUCK!



GIFF DER MARSHAL MY REGARDS!

SURE! SURE! SO LONG, AN' THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!



THIS TRUCK IS FULL OF BOMBS AND GRENADES! KEEP GOIN' TWERP, AND DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!

WELL, HERE WE
ARE, **ARCHIE**.
YOU TELL 'EM!

HIYA, GANG! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO MEET
US IN THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST COMIC
BOOK OF THE YEAR—**ARCHIE COMICS!**
WE'LL ALL BE THERE— ME AND JUGHEAD
AND BETTY COOPER AND VERONICA LODGE!
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND ANY DAY NOW!

AND DON'T FORGET
US **ARCHIE**! I'M
JUDGE OWL!

AND I'M
**CUBBY
THE
BEAR!**

HEY, **ARCHIE**
DON'T FORGET
ME. **SQUOIMY
THE WORM!**

AND I'M **BUMB-
IE THE BEE-
TECTIVE!** I'M
ALWAYS IN
THERE BUZZIN!
WE'RE ALL IN THE
NEW MAGAZINE!
LOOK FOR US!



GET YOUR
COPY OF **ARCHIE
COMICS!**

Archie

RED HOLMORLE
THREW SITTING
FOR
Montana.

LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE GOT
A LOT OF
WORK AHEAD
OF US
FOR THE
NEXT ISSUE,
JUGHEAD.

WE'VE
GOT A LOT
OF WORK,
HUH?

DOWN AND GUILD
EDITORIAL AND PRESS
ROOM
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ARCHIE ANDREWS
COPY EDITOR
ARCHIE ANDREWS
SUGGESTED EDITOR
ARCHIE ANDREWS
TREASURER
ARCHIE ANDREWS
CIRCULATION
MANAGER
JUGHEAD

MR. ANDREWS

YES, WE! I'M
DOING MY SHARE
NOW! I'M GONNA
RUN OUT AND INTERVIEW
MR. WEATHERBEE
ON THE FINAL
EXAMINATIONS!

EXAMINATIONS?
OH, YES! AHEM...
INDISPENSABLE
FOR
PROGNOSTICATION...

LATER...

YOU PROMISED
TO MAKE A STATE-
MENT ABOUT THE
FINAL
EXAMINATIONS,
MR. WEATHERBEE!

PRINCIPAL'S
OFFICE

WEATHERBEE

SORRY, I'VE GOT
TO GO.. IMPORTANT
MEETING, COUNTY
BOARD...

WHAA...



NOW, LET'S SEE...
WHAT WAS THAT HE SAID?
...OH YES!... PROCRASTINATION!
WONDER WHAT THAT
MEANS?



HERE IT IS! **Ugh!**
WAIT TILL THE FELLOWS
HEAR ABOUT THIS!



YEWY!
WHAT A SCORCH!
WE'VE GOTTA
GET BUSY RIGHT
AWAY!

WHAT'S
WRONG
NOW?



HURRY, JUGHEAD!
GET THE INK... OIL
THE MIMOGRAPH...
GET THE STENCILS
READY... BRING
THE PAPER OVER
HERE... ETC...
ETC... THERE'S
NOT A MINUTE
TO WASTE!

DON'T WORRY,
SIMON LEGREE.
WE'RE NOT
WASTING ANY!
PHW...



SOME REPORTING,
EH, JUGHEAD?
BET THE 'COUNTY
BUGLE' OFFERS
ME A JOB WHEN
THEY SEE
THIS!

WHAT
WOULD
YOU DO
WITH A
JOB?



MAYBE THE
EDITOR WILL WANT
ME AS AN ASSISTANT!

HOW ABOUT
SOME
ASSISTANCE
ON THIS
CRANK?



THE NEXT
MORNING...

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EYES?!



RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL
GROWN AND GOLD
PREXY'S AGAINST
EXAMS !!!

SAYS EXAMS
CAUSE DELAY,
WASTE OF TIME...



AND ALL OVER RIVERDALE...

AND IN THE CLASSROOMS..

MEANWHILE, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD...

AND IN CONCLUSION, GENTLEMEN, I REPEAT THAT WHAT WE NEED IS **MORE** TESTS!

WEATHERBEE IS TOO OLD-FASHIONED! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO REPLACE HIM WITH A MAN WHO HAS MORE PROGRESSIVE IDEAS!

WHAT'S THAT? RIVERDALE CALLING MR. WEATHERBEE? **VERY URGENT?**

URGENT CALL FOR ME? I'D BETTER TAKE IT OUTSIDE!

I WONDER WHAT COULD BE WRONG!

WHAT? THE BROWN AND GOLD QUOTES ME AS BEING AGAINST TESTS? **NONSENSE!** MAKE ARCHIE PRINT A RETRACTION **AT ONCE!!**



AND BACK AT RIVERDALE HIGH...

ARCHIE! MR. WEATHERBEE SAYS THAT IF YOU DON'T PRINT A RETRACTION IMMEDIATELY, HE'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!

JUST WAIT TILL MR. WEATHERBEE GETS BACK, ARCHIE ANDREWS!

HOLY CATS! WHEN THE STUDENTS FIND OUT THAT STORY WASN'T TRUE, THEY'LL LYNCH ME!!

SWELL STORY, ARCHIE! THAT'S THE BEST NEWS IN SCHOOL HISTORY!

NICE GOING, ARCHIE!

UUP! OH... EH... THANKS, FELLOWS



WHEE! NO MORE STUDYING!

NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY PLAYERS BEING DECLARED INELIGIBLE!!

YEAH... SURE, COACH!

D. DON'T WORRY, BETTY..

GULP

AND BACK AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICE...



MEANWHILE THE SCHOOL BOARD IS DISCUSSING MR. WEATHERBEE'S SPEECH...





BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND
YARD



THE DEVIL, I TELL YOU! HE STEPPED OUT OF THE FIRE--AND

HE'S DELIRIOUS!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?

C--CANT BREATHE--

PLEASE COME OVER HERE, NEVILLE---
BRUCE IS DYING!
WHAT SHALL I DO?



HE MUST HAVE HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! POOR BRUCE! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! ---I CANT BELIEVE IT! MY DEAREST BRUCE IS DEAD! SOB! SOB!

I DON'T BELIEVE HE HAD A HEART ATTACK! WHY DID HE SAY THE DEVIL KILLED HIM? I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

YES, THIS IS BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD-- YOU SAY YOUR HUSBAND DIED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AND YOU SUSPECT FOUL PLAY! WHY, OF COURSE I'LL COME! I'LL TAKE THE 9:15 TRAIN! GOOD DAY, MAM!



AS BENTLEY LEAVES FOR NORTHERN SCOTLAND



TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. BENTLEY

GREAT BRITAIN
BENTLEY'S SCOTLAND YARD
YOU WILL BE YOUR LIFE
STAY IN LONDON. BRUCE
DIED OF A HEART ATTACK
THERE'S NOTHING YOU
CAN DO!

WELL, WELL! YOU WON'T FRIGHTEN ME!

DEVIL'S ROCK! HMM! IT DOES LOOK LIKE A DEVIL'S FACE AT THAT!





HOW DO YOU DO, MAM!
I'M BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YARD!

OH, COME IN,
SIR! I'M RACHEL
McMURDOCK.
BRUCE WAS MY
HUSBAND!



MAY I AVE
YOUR COAT
AND BAG,
SIR?

MR. BENTLEY, I WANT
YOU TO MEET THE
MEMBERS OF MY
FAMILY!



MR. BENTLEY, THIS IS
MY BROTHER-IN-LAW,
NEVILLE! WE ALL CALL
HIM UNCLE
NEVILLE!

HOW DO
YOU DO,
SIR!



I'M EDMOND
McMURDOCK!
I'M THE YOUNG-
EST BROTHER
SIR!

AND THIS IS
MY WIFE
EDNA!

CHARMED
TO MEET YOU,
MR. BENTLEY!

BRUCE ALWAYS
QUARRELED WITH
RACHEL, BUT I
TELL YOU, INSPECTOR,
SHE WOULDN'T DO
A TERRIBLE THING
LIKE THAT!

I BEG YOUR
PARDON,
SIR!



WHY, HE
ISN'T BAD
LOOKING
AT ALL! RATHER
NICE CHAP,
EH?

COME WITH
ME, I WANT TO
SHOW YOU THE
LIBRARY AND
THE FIREPLACE,
INSPECTOR!

WHY, YOU
HUSSY!
ALWAYS
FLIRTING!



THE GIRLS DON'T
SEEM TO LIKE EACH
OTHER VERY MUCH!
ARE THEY ALWAYS
LIKE THAT?

WELL, YOU SEE,
BRUCE DIDN'T
GET ALONG TOO
WELL WITH RACHEL,
AND I, AS THE OLD-
EST BROTHER,
WAS SOME SORT
OF A DUTCH
UNCLE--- I
FIXED THINGS
UP!



WHEN I CAME DOWN FROM
MY ROOM I HEARD SOME NOISE
AND WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM
THERE WAS BRUCE WRITING IN
THIS CHAIR AND STAMMERING-
THE DEVIL, THE DEVIL,
HE STABBED ME!

OUNDS IN-
CREDIBLE---
WELL, ANYWAY
I THINK I'LL
SIT DOWN HERE
FOR AWHILE!

SUIT YOURSELF, INSPECTOR!
I'M GOING TO BED NOW!
GOOD
NIGHT!

HMM, THE HISTORY OF
THE HOUSE OF
McMURDOCK! OUGHT
TO BE INTERESTING!

AND IN THE YEAR OF
THE BLACK PLAGUE
ALINE McMURDOCK WAS
ACCUSED OF WITCH
CRAFT! SHE WAS THE
SISTER OF LORD
LEIGHTON, FOUNDER
OF THE HOUSE OF
McMURDOCK!

NO ALINE WAS
FOUND GUILTY. SHE
PROTESTED HER INNO-
CENCE UNTIL THE LAST MO-
MENTS OF HER LIFE. BE-
FORE SHE WAS THROWN FROM
THE CLIFFS SHE CURSED THE
HOUSE OF HER ANCESTORS:
MAY THE DEVIL DESTROY YOU

AND SINCE THAT
TIME THERE HAS
BEEN A VIOLENT
DEATH IN EACH
GENERATION OF
THE FAMILY!

WHAT ON
EARTH IS
THAT?

WITH A MIGHTY LUNGE, THE
OMINOUS FIGURE OF THE DEVIL
LASHES OUT AND MISSES BENTLEY
BY AN INCH-- BENTLEY GRABS
THE FOKER--

CIANG

HE GOT AWAY,
BUT NOT WITHOUT A
SCRATCH! I MUST
HAVE HURT HIS WRIST!
BUT NOW ON EARTH
CAN HE JUMP THRU
FIRE?

THE FOLLOWING EVENING--

THIS IS AMAZING MR. BENTLEY! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO IT! BUT WHO COULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?

WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR! TO FIND OUT!

THIS MUST BE THE WALL BEHIND THE FIREPLACE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT IT SOUNDS VERY HOLLOW! THERE MUST BE A DOOR SOMEWHERE!

SO THAT'S IT! THE PERFECT GET-AWAY FOR THE KILLER! THIS TUNNEL LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE FIREPLACE!

GOT TO MAKE SURE AND CLOSE THE DOOR TIGHT AGAIN!

I HOPE SHE DIDN'T NOTICE THAT I FOUND THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY-- I THINK I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO GO THRU THEIR ROOMS!

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THE DOG IS BARKING VIOLENTLY!

ARF, ARF, ARF!

IF I CAN GET THRU THE BACK-DOOR FAST ENOUGH!

HE WON'T GET AWAY! NOW IS MY CHANCE!

INSIDE THIS DOOR IS THE MURDERER! WHO IS HE OR SHE? WHY DID HE USE SUCH A HORRIBLE WAY OF KILLING? I KEPT MY EYES AND EARS OPEN AND FOUND MANY CLUES! IF YOU, DEAR READER, DID THE SAME, YOU WILL SOLVE THIS CRIME JUST AS FAST AS I DID! SO BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE MARK YOUR SUSPECT-- © RACHEL MEMURDOCK © EDMOND MEMURDOCK © EDNA MEMURDOCK © NEVILLE MEMURDOCK © ANNA-MURDOCK

THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS---

PUT YOUR HANDS UP,
NEVILLE McMURDOCK!
THE GAME IS OVER!



YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, TOO! I
WAS SURE THAT YOU WERE THE
MURDERER WHEN I SAW THE
BANDAGE ON YOUR WRIST!
THAT'S WHERE I HIT YOU WITH
THE FORK!



GOOD LORD! IT'S UNCLE
NEVILLE! WHY DID YOU
DO SUCH A HORRIBLE
THING?



YOU SEE HE WORE A DISGUISE
MADE OF FIREPROOF ASBESTOS!
THAT'S WHY HE WAS ABLE TO
STEP THRU THE FLAMES AND
HE MADE HIS GETAWAY THRU
THIS SECRET PASSAGE! AFTER
HE TRIED TO KILL ME AND HE
MISSED ME---



I EXAMINED THE MARK IT LEFT
IN THE CHAIR AND FOUND A TRACE
OF STRYCHNINE WHICH HE RE-
LEASED INTO THE MOUTH OF
BRUCE THRU THE OPENING IN
THIS FORK--- AS HE GASPED IN
TERROR! VERY CLEVER, ES-
PECIALLY SINCE
STRYCHNINE IS A
FAST WORKING
POISON!



WHEN YOU REFUSED ME
AND MARRIED BRUCE IN-
STEAD, I WANTED TO
GET EVEN WITH YOU
AND HIM!



AND
YOU WON'T
GET ME
ALIVE!

WHY YOU
FOOL!



COME
DOWN, OR I'LL
SHOOT!



AND A-
GAIN THE
CURSE OF
DEVIL'S ROCK
HAS COME
TRUE!

The End

Get TIGER POWER Now It's EASY!

Here is your opportunity to build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. Now, more than ever, you must be **STRONG** to get ahead. In the world . . . you can get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

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No matter if you are a weakling or no matter if you already boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit and instructions that go with it to be just what you need. The entire equipment which contains dozens of individual features are all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet the actual resistance of your strength and to increase the power progressively as you build a body of mighty muscles. Men in training and men who have reached the top in performing strong-man feats unanimously acclaim this new progressive chest pull and bar bell combination as being a great advancement in the invention of practical equipment to quickly get strong and develop bursting strength.

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New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION



Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on your biceps, on your chest, have a mighty back, have mighty legs, or a mighty grip, or build any part of your body by fanning the air. No indeed. You need equipment and instructions such as we offer you here. BUT . . . we not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

Send No Money

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FREE

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MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 2101
P.O. Box 1, Station X, New York, N. Y.

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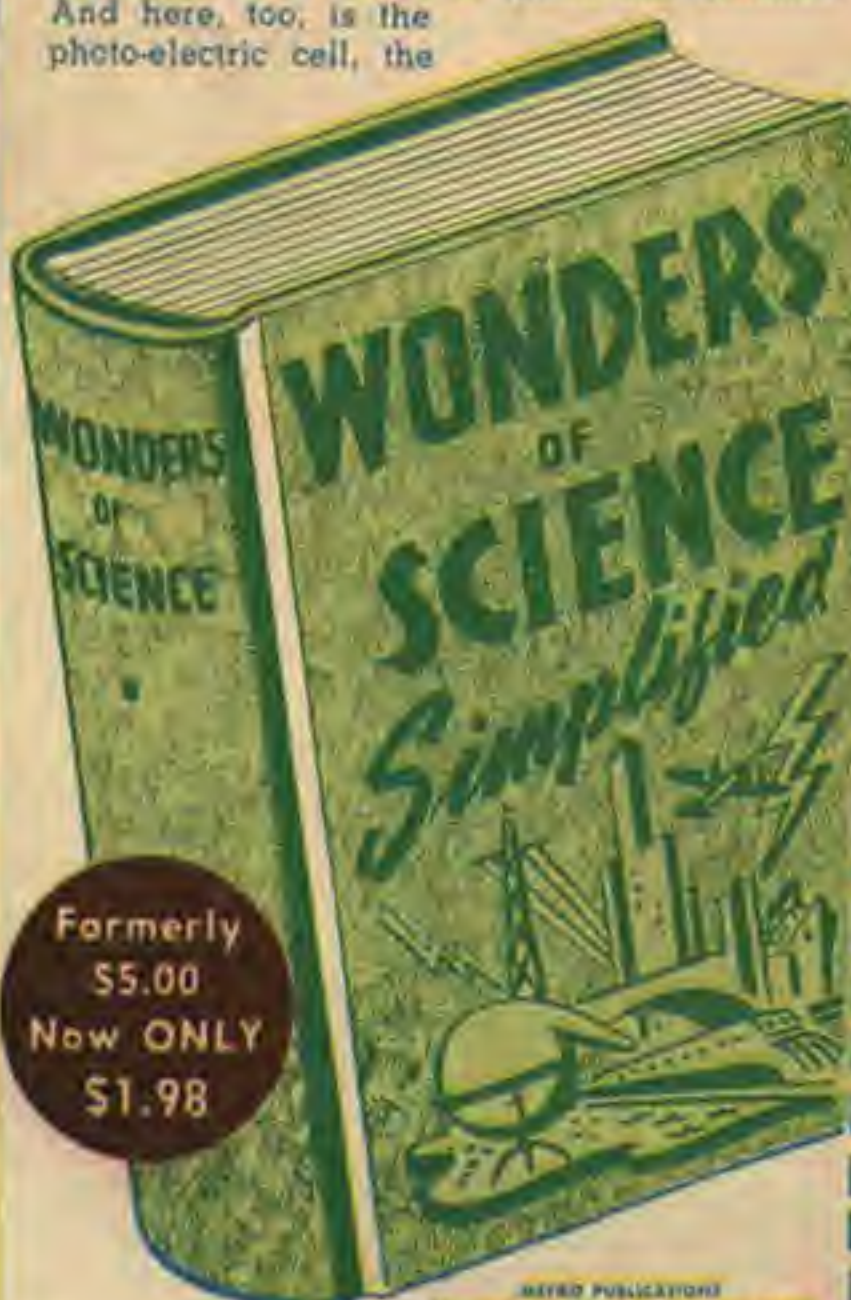
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